

FAMILY GUY

"Boys Do Cry"

Production #5ACX10

Written by

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Directed by

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Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT
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“BOYS DO CRY ”

CAST LIST FOR #5ACX10:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

90 YEAR OLD GUY.....SETH MACFARLANE
90 YEAR OLD WOMAN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
ACTRESS #1..... TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
ACTRESS #2..... TBD (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
ANNOUNCER..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
ANNOUNCER #2..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
ARMADILLO.....SETH MACFARLANE
AUDIENCE MEMBER #1..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
AUDIENCE MEMBER #2..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
AUDIENCE MEMBER #3..... TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
BARBARA BUSH..... TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
CANADIAN MAN..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
CASTING DIRECTOR..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
CHINESE WAITER..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
CHRIS' STOMACH..... TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CLEVELAND, JR.MIKE HENRY
CONGREGANT #1..... TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
CONGREGANT #2..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
CONGREGATION..... TBD (SUB: EVERYONE)
COW..... TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
CRAB #1..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
CRAB #2..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
DALLAS HOUSTON..... TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
DIANE SIMMONS.....LORI ALAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DUKE DILLON..... TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
ELEPHANT..... TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
FAN..... TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)

GEORGE W. BUSH.....TBD (SUB: KIRKER BUTLER)
 GUN ENTHUSIAST.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 GUN ENTHUSIAST #2.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 HERBERT.....MIKE HENRY
 JAPANESE MAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 JAPANESE WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 JESSICA ALBA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 JESUS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 JILLIAN.....DREW BARRYMORE (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 KIDS.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN/ALEX BORSTEIN/ALEC SULKIN)
 LIBRARIAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 LONE RANGER.....JOHN VIENER
 LORETTA.....ALEX BORSTEIN
 MAYOR WEST.....ADAM WEST (SETH MACAFARLANE)
 NELLIE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 OJ SIMPSON.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
 PAGEANT HOST.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
 PERFORMANCE ARTIST.....MIKE HENRY
 QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
 R.J.....MIKE HENRY
 RANDALL.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 REGISTRATION WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 REVEREND WHITESKIN.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 SALES CLERK.....TBD (SUB: KIRKER BUTLER)
 SEAMUS.....SETH MACFARLANE
 STATE TROOPER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 STRAIGHT ICE SKATER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 SURBANITE MAN.....CHRIS SHERIDAN (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
 SURBANITE WOMAN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
 TEXAN BOY #1.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 TEXAN BOY #2.....TBD (SUB: KIRKER BUTLER)
 TEXAN BOY #3.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
 TEXAN GUY #1.....TBD (SUB: KIRKER BUTLER)
 TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
 TONTO.....SETH MACFARLANE
 TV ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

It's **raining** outside.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

PETER and LOIS watch television.

TV ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

We now return to Julia Louis-Dreyfus
in "Now It's Just Getting Sad."

INT. SITCOM LIVING ROOM SET - DAY (ON TV)

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS talks directly to the camera.

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

Okay, okay, hear me out. My character
is a therapist living in the city, but
I'm married... to an elephant.

The ELEPHANT walks out to join her.

ELEPHANT

Hi, I'm the husband.

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

(TO ELEPHANT) Hey, honey. We're going
to my parents' this weekend. Did you
pack your trunk?

Barely an audience reaction. Maybe **one cough**.

ELEPHANT

I don't think I want to go... I don't
like going to your parents'.

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

Why?

ELEPHANT

Maybe because your dad's an ivory
hunter?

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

(TO AUDIENCE) See, there's a lot going
on here--

ELEPHANT

(TO AUDIENCE) Lot going on. It
actually -- It actually gets pretty
watchable.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Boy, that woman is asking a lot of me.

BRIAN crosses through to the front door and opens it.

BRIAN

Aw, damn, it's still raining.

Brian closes the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Lois, you mind if I go in the house?

LOIS

Fine, fine, just put the newspaper
down.

Brian walks O.S. and returns with a newspaper that he
proceeds to lay out on the carpet. He squats over the
newspaper, then notices something on one of the pages.

BRIAN

Hey, Lois, look at this. The church
is holding auditions for a new
organist.

LOIS

Really? Wow, y'know, that sounds like
it could be a lotta fun.

BRIAN

Yeah, it's been a while since you've
had the chance to play in public.

PETER

I don't know, it's a dangerous job,
Lois. Remember when I was the
organist for Monty Python?

INT. OPERA HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, completely naked except for a collar, tie and wild
tangle of hair, sits on a bench in front of a large organ.
He **plays** a quick flourish. A giant foot **falls** on him from
above. We hear a **squish** sound effect, followed by studio
audience **laughter**.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A sign outside reads "Organist Wanted". QUAGMIRE walks by
and sees it.

QUAGMIRE

Alright!

He runs inside the church. After a moment we hear the sound
of a **zipper going down**, then a **slap**. Quagmire comes back
outside and re-reads the sign.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Well, why do you say "organist" if--

I don't understand the world anymore.

He kicks the sign and walks away.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Lois enters with STEWIE and takes a seat as SEAMUS sits down
at the organ to audition. REVEREND WHITESKIN is sitting in
the front pew, making notes on a clipboard.

SEAMUS

Here be a jaunty sea shanty from me
boyhood.

He starts **banging the keyboard** energetically with his pegs.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

YOU SHAKE ME NERVES AND YOU RATTLE ME
BRAIN / TOO MUCH LOVE DRIVES A MAN
INSANE / YOU BROKE ME WILL / OH WHAT A
THRILL / GOODNESS GRACIOUS GREAT BALLS
OF FIRE!

Seamus uses all four of his pegs to **go ballistic on the keyboard** like Jerry Lee Lewis.

INT. CHURCH - LATER THAT DAY

HERBERT is at the organ, singing "I Know What Boys Like" by The Waitresses.

HERBERT

I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE / I KNOW WHAT
GUYS WANT / I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE /
BOYS LIKE / BOYS LIKE ME.

INT. CHURCH - LATER THAT DAY

MAYOR WEST is at the organ, playing the opening to George Michael's "Faith." He then jumps up onto his feet, pulling out an acoustic guitar. We now see that he is wearing ripped jeans.

MAYOR WEST

WELL I GUESS IT WOULD BE NICE / IF I
COULD TOUCH YOUR BODY / I KNOW NOT
EVERYBODY HAS GOT A BODY LIKE YOU /
BEFORE THIS RIVER / BECOMES AN OCEAN /
BEFORE YOU THROW MY HEART BACK ON THE
FLOOR / OH BABY I'LL RECONSIDER MY
FOOLISH NOTION / WELL I NEED SOMEONE
TO HOLD ME / BUT I'LL WAIT FOR
SOMETHING MORE / 'CAUSE I GOTTA HAVE
FAITH-AH, FAITH-AH, FAITH-AH / I GOTTA
HAVE FAITH-AH, FAITH-AH, FAITH-AHHH.

(MORE)

MAYOR WEST (CONT'D)

(THEN) You know where to get a hold of
me.

Mayor West walks off.

STEWIE

My god, Lois, if this is the
competition, you'll be a faster shoo-
in than Jessica Alba.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A CASTING DIRECTOR sits in a chair, watching as an ACTRESS,
holding a script, auditions for him.

ACTRESS #1

(DRAMATIC) Tell me the truth, Doctor,
how long do I have?

CASTING DIRECTOR

Next.

The actress exits. Another ACTRESS steps up to read.

ACTRESS #2

(DRAMATIC) Tell me the truth, Doctor,
how long do I have?

CASTING DIRECTOR

Next.

The actress exits. JESSICA ALBA steps up.

JESSICA ALBA

(HOLDING OUT A PHOTO) Here's my ass in
a bikini.

CASTING DIRECTOR

You're hired.

INT. CHURCH - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Reverend Whiteskin makes a check mark on his clipboard.

REVEREND WHITESKIN

Alright, up next is Lois Griffin.

LOIS

Well, I don't know if I can compete
with the rest of these people, but
here goes.

Lois steps up to the organ and starts playing a **beautiful hymn**. **ANGLE ON** Stewie, who holds a pencil and is flipping through a prayer book.

STEWIE

(WRITING) "Turn to page 43." (FLIPS
PAGES, THEN WRITES) "Turn to page 17."
(FLIPS PAGES, THEN WRITES) "Turn to
page 112." (FLIPS PAGES, THEN WRITES)
"Eat my doodie." (THEN) Oh, you're in
for a big surprise, unsuspecting,
easily-duped congregant.

Lois finishes.

REVEREND WHITESKIN

That was beautiful, Mrs. Griffin. Up
next is Jake Tucker.

JAKE TUCKER walks up to the organ, sits down and puts his sheet music in front of him. He plays an **odd-sounding tune**. TOM TUCKER hurries in and turns the sheet music upside down. Jake plays again, and we now recognize it as the **"William Tell Overture"**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

Peter, MEG, CHRIS and Brian are sitting at the empty dinner table. Lois enters, carrying Stewie.

PETER

(POINTED) Finally. Some of us have been waiting all evening for a certain wife to come home and feed her starving family.

CHRIS

Yeah, Mom, my stomach sounds like a motor bike approaching from the distance.

Chris looks down at his stomach, which makes just such a **sound**.

CHRIS' STOMACH (V.O.)

(MUFFLED) Slow down on that thing!

LOIS

Peter, I told you I was going to be late. Couldn't you have handled dinner?

PETER

You can't ask me to make dinner, Lois. That's like asking me to choose between Sarah Jessica Parker and Kirsten Dunst in a hot body/weird face contest. It can't be done.

LOIS

Well, I've got good news. I'm gonna be the church's new organist!

BRIAN/MEG/CHRIS

Hey, congrats! / Wow Mom, that's great! / That means you'll play the organ.

LOIS

It also means that this family is gonna start going to church again on Sundays.

PETER

Lois, those echoey church acoustics plus my Sunday morning farts equals trouble in Jesustown.

LOIS

I'm serious, Peter. Being there today reminded me of how important religious services are to the moral fiber of a family. And lately this family has been lacking moral fiber. Especially you, Chris.

INT. GRIFFINS' UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lois walks down the hall, when she hears **Latin music** coming from Chris' room. She opens the door and sees Chris doing a spirited and energetic Latin dance.

LOIS

Chris! The Lambada?! That's the forbidden dance!

CHRIS

(STILL DANCING) Can't you just let a fat guy have fun?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

And Meg, you could certainly use some positive spirituality.

INT. MEG'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Meg is painting her room black. Lois walks in.

LOIS

Meg! What are you doing?

MEG

Making my room the color of my soul.

LOIS

Oh my god, are you worshipping the devil?

MEG

No. (A BLOODY, HEADLESS CHICKEN FALLS FROM THE CEILING ONTO THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF LOIS) A little.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

And Peter, you've been living a lie for over ten years.

EXT. BRENTWOOD APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter runs out with a bloody knife and blood on his hands. A beat later, O.J. SIMPSON approaches carrying a bag. He passes a mailbox that says "Brown-Simpson."

O.J. SIMPSON

Knock, knock. Nicole? Ronald? Who's ready for Boggle?

O.J. enters the house.

O.J. SIMPSON (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Oh, my god! No! Why?! Why?! My beautiful Nicole. My man Ronald? Who did this? Oh, man, they were so good together. We were just establishing our friendship!

(MORE)

O.J. SIMPSON (O.S.)(CONT'D)

They were about to get engaged! He was gonna ask me to be an usher. I mean, he already had enough groomsmen, so he made me an usher, but just to think I could be involved in the ceremony in any way.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

BRIAN

Look, Lois, you can drag everyone else to church, but I don't see why I have to go.

LOIS

What's that in your hand, Brian?

BRIAN

A martini.

LOIS

Your other hand.

BRIAN

A joint. (BEAT) What time's the service?

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Various TOWNSPEOPLE are walking into church.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

Lois plays the organ as CHURCHGOERS enter, milling around and taking their seats. JESUS rushes in, pushing past them. He wears flip-flops, cargo pants, and a ratty "I Am My Homeboy" T-shirt.

JESUS

'Scuse me, late for work.

He pulls a timecard out of his pocket and punches it in a machine. He turns to the Reverend as he is changing into his swaddling clothes.

JESUS (CONT'D)

(TO REVEREND) Sorry. Fucking maid
forgot to wake me up.

He climbs up on the cross to assume his usual position.
ANGLE ON the Griffins, minus Lois, sitting in the pews.
Peter picks up a hymnal.

PETER

(READING) "Turn to page 43." (FLIPS
PAGES) "Turn to page 17." (FLIPS
PAGES) "Turn to page 112." (FLIPS
PAGES) Eww!

REVEREND WHITESKIN

Good morning, everyone. Please turn
to hymn number 387.

Lois begins **playing the hymn** as the congregation sings.

CONGREGATION

GOD YOU ARE SO COOL / WE SHOULD HANG
OUT SOMETIME / WE COULD THROW STUFF
OFF MY BUILDING / AND USE MY
TRAMPOLINE / A-MEN

REVEREND WHITESKIN

A reading from the book of Leviticus.
"Thou shalt not spill thy seed into
thy sock and then cram it to the
bottom of the hamper like it's been
there a long time." The word of the
lord.

CONGREGATION

Praise be to god.

ANGLE ON Brian and Stewie.

STEWIE

I am so hungry. Oh, look, they're
handing out cookies up there.

BRIAN

Stewie, wait--

Stewie scurries O.S. **ANGLE ON** the front of the church. The
PERFORMANCE ARTIST is handing out the sacrament wafers as
Stewie approaches.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST

Hey, there. Eat up, y'all. Yous is
good churchgoing folk, y'all deserve a
little treat.

STEWIE

Give me that!

Stewie grabs the entire plate of wafers and begins stuffing
them into his mouth.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST

Well, aren't you an enthusiastic
partaker in the body of Christ?
That's good. I love it when people
just eat things up. Just devour
things, swallow 'em right down. Maybe
make a little eye contact with you
while they's doing it, makes it more
exciting.

STEWIE

(RE: GOBLET) What is that, punch?

He washes his wafers down with a gulp of consecrated wine.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST

Oh, don't y'all drink that. You're
gonna get sick.

STEWIE

(BEAT) Yep.

He vomits all over the place as the other churchgoers stare.

CONGREGANT #1

That baby just threw up the host!

CONGREGANT #2

That's a sign of the devil!

CONGREGANTS

Oh, my god, is he possessed? / He's
possessed! / That baby is possessed by
Satan!

ANGLE ON the LIBRARIAN from 4ACX29.

LIBRARIAN

I'm possessed by Citibank. (LAUGHS)

STEWIE

Oh, 'cause you have so much debt.

LIBRARIAN

Exactly! (LAUGHS)

STEWIE

Oh ho ho! She's a pistol!

Lois approaches Stewie.

LOIS

Calm down, everyone. He's just a
little sick. I'll take him home.
Come on, sweetie.

PETER

Aw, sweet, we are outta here! Now I
can do what I planned to do this
morning. Gladiator mice.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Peter sits on the couch in his underwear, watching two MICE fight with swords and shields.

PETER

Ha ha ha! Yes! Yes! Die! Die!

Die! I have everything and you have nothing!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The family enters.

LOIS

You know, all I wanted was for us to share a simple Sunday church service as a family. But I guess that's too much to ask.

BRIAN

No, no, Lois, I enjoyed the story of the man who came back from the dead, could walk on water and turn things into other things. Actually, Jesus is a lot like Beetlejuice.

LOIS

I can't believe they made such a fuss about Stewie getting sick. You know, I'd better call Reverend Whiteskin and clear this up.

The doorbell **rings**. Lois answers it, revealing Mayor West, flanked by Reverend Whiteskin and about A HUNDRED-FIFTY QUAHOG RESIDENTS.

MAYOR WEST

Good afternoon, Mrs. Griffin. We're here to take custody of your baby so that the good Reverend here can perform an exorcism and banish the devil from his infant soul.

LOIS

What?! You're not performing an exorcism on my baby!

REVEREND WHITESKIN

Mrs. Griffin, you can give him to us, or we can take him by force.

Lois grabs Stewie and clutches him close to her.

LOIS

No!

PETER

Don't worry, Lois, we'll hide in the one place they can't find us. Our own imaginations.

Peter looks dreamily off into space for beat.

LOIS

Peter, they can still see us.

PETER

Sure, they can see us. But I'm eating a big pie.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY**

The Griffins' car speeds down the street as the angry mob of CHURCHGOERS chase them.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - SAME

The family is in the car and Peter is driving.

CHRIS

Where're we going?

STEWIE

Who cares, as long as it's away from those bloody church fanatics.

LOIS

We're going to Texas. We can stay at my sister Carol's place until this blows over.

BRIAN

Texas? We're going to Texas in search of religious tolerance? That makes less sense than a Japanese couple vacationing in China.

INT. RESTAURANT IN CHINA - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A JAPANESE COUPLE sits at a table. A CHINESE WAITER approaches and sets down two bowls of rice and chopsticks.

CHINESE WAITER

Would you like some rice?

JAPANESE MAN

Uh... (SHRUGS) When in Rome! (THEN, PICKING UP CHOPSTICKS) Uh, oh, how do you work these things?

The man awkwardly picks up some rice with the chopsticks and takes a tentative taste.

JAPANESE MAN (CONT'D)

(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Mmm. Honey,

honey, you gotta try this!

He feeds her some rice.

JAPANESE WOMAN

Mmm, exotic. Let's order some more.

Which one is our waiter?

JAPANESE MAN

I don't know, all these people look
the same.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

The Griffins drive along. Peter looks into the minivan of the family in the next lane where a KID is in the back, watching a movie on the car's drop-down video screen.

PETER

Hey, Lois. Look in that car! They're
watchin' "Air Bud"!

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

We see the kid watching "Air Bud." In the window, we see the Griffins' car veer right up next to the minivan. Peter has an open-mouthed, wide-eyed smile as he looks at the screen.

PETER

(MUFFLED) Hehehehe! Dogs can't play
basketball, that's why it's funny!

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

LOIS

Peter, would you please keep your eyes
on the damn road?

PETER

Alright, alright, Lois. Settle down.

Peter drives for a beat, then glances in his rearview mirror. He sees CHRISTIE BRINKLEY pulling closer in a red Ferrari as her **theme** plays.

She pulls up along side the Griffins' car and continues to drive along side it. She smiles, Peter smiles back. They keep smiling until Christie Brinkley looks forward and gasps. She sees an 18 wheeler heading right for her car. The 18 wheeler **slams** head on into Christie Brinkley's car, turning it into a pile of wreckage.

PETER (CONT'D)

Holy crap!

LOIS

Eh, you marry Billy Joel, it's gonna happen one way or another.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Griffins' car is parked in the parking lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

The Griffins sit in the motel room watching TV.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS DESK - NIGHT (ON TV)

TOM TUCKER and DIANE SIMMONS sit behind the news desk.

TOM TUCKER

Good evening. I'm Tom Tucker.

DIANE SIMMONS

And I'm Diane Simmons.

A picture of Stewie appears on screen behind Diane with a graphic that reads, "Brat Out of Hell."

DIANE SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Authorities are on the lookout for one year-old Stewie Griffin, a Quahog infant who is believed to be possessed by Satan. A substantial reward is being offered for any information leading to his capture.

TOM TUCKER

In other pseudo-scientific news, local man claims to have spotted Bigfoot.

We've got the exclusive interview.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT (ON TV, CONT'D)

Tom Tucker sits across from R.J., conducting an interview.

R.J.

I was about to bone my girlfriend, out at the lake, but suddenly, she yelled, so I looked up and it was Bigfoot.

TOM TUCKER

So, what happened next?

R.J.

Then, I went back to bone her, but the mosquitos were going crazy and she said there was no way.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Oh, my god, Peter! They're gonna be looking for us!

PETER

Relax, Lois, they won't know where to find us. They'll be like crabs looking for pubic hair on a porn star.

EXT. FLESH-COLORED PLAIN - X (CUTAWAY)

TWO CRAB LICE, each holding suitcases, stand perplexed on a hairless, fleshy expanse.

CRAB #1

Great, there's nothing here. Nothing. Nothing but rings and tattoos.

CRAB #2

Man, coming to L.A. was a mistake.

CRAB #1

Okay, where to next? Armenia or a
women's college?

CRAB #2

If we had a time machine, we could go
back to the seventies.

They both **sigh** nostalgically.

EXT. RURAL MINI-MART - DAY

The Griffins' car pulls into the mini-mart. Stewie and Brian
get out.

LOIS

All right, make it quick, you guys.

STEWIE

Thank god, my throat is parched. I'm
gonna get a drink that has the word
"blast" in it.

Brian and Stewie walk into the mini-mart. At that moment, a
STATE TROOPER pulls up in his car. He gets out and walks
over to Peter and Lois.

STATE TROOPER

Pardon me, sir. We're trying to
locate a possessed child. Have you
seen anyone who looks like this?

He holds up a picture of Stewie.

PETER

Yeah, that's my son. He's actually in
the mini-mart right now. He'll be out
in a second.

Lois elbows him hard.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh, uh, I mean, no. No, never seen him before.

STATE TROOPER

Hmm. What was that first thing you said?

PETER

Oh, I was just saying that baby in the picture is my son. He's travelling with us. He's part of our family. We're trying to avoid being found by police like you.

Lois elbows him again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh, I mean, I was just remarking what a nice day it is.

STATE TROOPER

Wait a minute. You started to say something first that-- Well, I guess it doesn't matter. Thanks for your time.

Brian and Stewie exit the mini-mart, **laughing**, as they head toward the parking lot.

BRIAN

Did you hear that cashier's accent?

(MIDDLE-EASTERN ACCENT) "Would you like some change please, for you?"

STEWIE

Y'know, if it weren't for 9/11, those guys would be adorable.

BRIAN

Oh my god, look!

ANGLE ON the State Trooper talking to another MOTORIST. He's holding up the picture of Stewie.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Quick, into the bathroom!

Brian yanks Stewie O.S. as they head towards the bathroom.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian drags Stewie into the bathroom.

BRIAN

We're gonna have to come up with a way
to change your appearance.

STEWIE

Well, I could disguise myself as
Britney Spears. I'm already standing
in urine and I hate the person I'm
with.

BRIAN

Let's see, there's gotta be something
in here we can use...

Brian looks around. **BRIAN'S P.O.V.:** We see a mop resting in the corner. We then **PAN TO** ratty curtains on the window. We then **PAN TO** a red magic marker sitting on the sink. Next to it on the wall is some graffiti. It reads, "I just wrote on the wall. Take that, society!"

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER

The Griffins speed along the highway.

LOIS

Boy, that was a close one back there.
Way to think on your feet, Brian.

BRIAN

Well, we got lucky. How you holding
up, Stewie?

ANGLE ON Stewie, sitting in the back. He is disguised as a girl: the mop head is his hair, the curtains have been fashioned into a sundress, and his lips are red from the marker.

STEWIE

You know, it's funny. I have this
strange urge to get all worked up over
minutiae.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Griffins' car drives past a sign reading "WELCOME TO TEXAS! Home of the hottest chicks in the country until they talk!"

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

LOIS

Well, here we are. You know, I
thought it might be fun if we stopped
in Houston and saw Cleveland Jr. and
Loretta.

STEWIE

Oh, great, we have to listen to that
yammering child prattle on about
nothing. This'll be worse than an
evening with the Lone Ranger and
Tonto.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

A normal SUBURBANITE COUPLE are playing charades with THE LONE RANGER and TONTO. The Lone Ranger is up.

SUBURBANITE MAN

Ready? Go.

The Lone Ranger flicks his nose. Immediately:

TONTO

Horseradish!

THE LONE RANGER

Yes!

SUBURBANITE MAN

Yeah!

The Lone Ranger and Tonto high-five.

SUBURBANITE WOMAN

(IRRITATED) No way!

SUBURBANITE MAN

Wow.

SUBURBANITE WOMAN

No way! How'd you get that so fast?!

TONTO

It just came to me. Horseradish.

SUBURBANITE WOMAN

From that you got horseradish? Tonto,
he flicked his nose.

TONTO

Well, yeah, but he did it... just
kinda, I dunno, horseradish-y. It's
tough to explain.

SUBURBANITE MAN

Oh well. Let's play again.

SUBURBANITE WOMAN

No! I don't wanna play with them
anymore! They're cheating! I don't
know how, but they're cheating!
There's no way (RE: NOSE) that's
horseradish! No! No!

(MORE)

SUBURBANITE WOMAN (CONT'D)

You know -- You know what? Fuck you
guys. Okay? Bill, I'm going to bed.

She storms out. There's an awkward beat.

SUBURBANITE MAN

She's been on edge lately... her --
her mother just died in December.

TONTO

Oh, my god, I'm so sorry.

SUBURBANITE MAN

No, no, it's okay.

TONTO

I did not know. I did not know.

SUBURBANITE MAN

TONTO

No, no really, it was just... Mmmmm-hmmmm... oh, that's
it was one of those things horrible... Yeah, that's...
where she was really sick, Oh, wow.
they kinda knew it was
coming, but... you know, it
was the holidays, you know,
so there was all that in
there... all that baggage...
Just... That's what it's all
about. She didn't mean it.

THE LONE RANGER

Yeah, we had a scare with Tonto's mom
in March. She's doing better now --
knock wood. But... yeah.

The Lone Ranger pats Tonto's hand, comfortingly.

TONTO

Boy, this, uh, sure puts charades in perspective, doesn't it?

THE LONE RANGER

Sure does.

SUBURBANITE MAN

Yup.

They sip their coffee.

TONTO

I mean, it's just a stupid party game, you know? But, I mean, then there's people's lives...

THE LONE RANGER

Yeah.

SUBURBANITE MAN

Yup.

They sip more coffee.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The car pulls up and stops.

LOIS

Well, this is the address Loretta gave me. 8400 Kirby Drive.

PETER

Boy, Loretta must be doing all right.

Her house looks like the Astrodome.

WIDEN TO REVEAL the Astrodome.

INT. ASTRODOME FIELD - DAY

PAN ACROSS the interior of the Astrodome. There are thousands of displaced New Orleans MINORITIES living there. LORETTA and CLEVELAND JR. sit with Peter, Lois and the family outside a tent set up with other tents on the field.

LORETTA

...so after Katrina, we got moved here. Barbara Bush says it's perfect for us. She even comes by and reads us a story every night.

ANGLE ON BARBARA BUSH reading to a group of KIDS. Her bulging eyes are terrifying.

BARBARA BUSH

Hello children!

Aboogaboogaboogaboogabooga!

The kids **scream** and run away. **ANGLE BACK ON** the family.

LOIS

Well, we... love what you've done with the place.

LORETTA

Well, we've made the best of a tough situation.

CLEVELAND JR.

We were forgotten by our government!

Ha ha! Ha ha!

He jumps up and down.

EXT. TEXAS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Griffins drive down the street and pull into their new driveway. The lawns, houses, and cars in the neighborhood are all huge.

CHRIS

You sure Aunt Carol won't mind us using her house?

LOIS

She won't care, Chris. She's off on her ninth honeymoon.

PETER

Hahahahaha! When will it work for
her?

The family starts unpacking as some of their new NEIGHBORS approach (MEN in suits and cowboy hats, WOMEN with gigantic hair). One of the men, RANDALL, shakes Peter's hand.

RANDALL

Howdy, new neighbors! Pleased to
welcome you. We're the Lynches. We
live next door.

NELLIE

(HOLDING OUT BASKET OF MUFFINS) I
baked these all up over in my oven as
a housewarming gift.

BRIAN

Well, we know there's no preposition
limit in Texas.

LOIS

Thank you so much! Aren't you sweet!

RANDALL

My name's Randall and this here's my
wife, Nellie. We met at a jew kill.
Jew dance. Square dance. That's what
it's called. Square dance.

BRIAN

Lois, I'm not sure this is the right
place for us.

STEWIE

I'm afraid I agree with the dog. This
place sucks.

NELLIE

(PINCHING STEWIE'S CHEEK) Oh, look how
pretty your little girl is!

STEWIE

Rewind. This place rules.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' TEXAS HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. TEXAS DINING ROOM - SAME

The family sits, eating dinner. Chris and Peter are wearing cowboy hats. On their plates are steaks so big they flop over the sides of the plates.

PETER

Oh my god, Lois, this steak is
fantastic! There's just one thing
missing that would make you the
perfect woman.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Peter is watching TV. Lois enters.

LOIS

Peter, did you forget to pay the
credit card bill last month? We just
got the new statement and the finance
charges are through the roof, and I've
told you a thousand times, we have got
to be punctual with this sort of
thing, I mean, did you even listen to
me when I--

Peter takes out a computer keyboard. He gets up and moves Lois' hair off her neck, revealing a USB port. He plugs the keyboard in, then presses a key. Lois closes her eyes. We hear the **Microsoft Windows restart noise** as her eyes open again.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Hi, honey! Do you want beer or sex?

INT. TEXAS DINING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Well, I'm just glad it's all working out. This place is great. It's warm, it's welcoming, and it's got real strong moral values. Just what this family needs.

We hear a timer **ring** from the kitchen.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Ohp, that's dessert.

She gets up and walks into the kitchen.

INT. TEXAS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lois enters and takes the cake out of the oven. She flips on the kitchen television as she takes out the frosting and begins to frost the cake.

INT. TEXAS CHANNEL FIVE NEWS DESK - NIGHT (ON TV)

TEXAS TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is Channel Five News, Texas, with Duke Dillon.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT (ON TV, CONT'D)

DUKE DILLON stands with one foot up on a wooden split-rail fence. He wears cowboy boots, a cowboy hat, and a bolo tie. The camera **PUSHES IN** on him as he straightens papers on his knee. He looks up at the camera as it approaches.

DUKE DILLON

Howdy, Texas, I'm Duke Dillon. At the top of the news tonight, authorities have called off their pursuit of a fugitive Rhode Island baby who was thought to be possessed by the devil.

INT. TEXAS KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois reacts.

LOIS

Oh, thank god!

INT. TEXAS CHANNEL FIVE NEWS DESK - NIGHT (ON TV)

DUKE DILLON

This turn of events came after Vatican scientists announced today that the devil is not the greatest threat to salvation due to last week's discovery of the Superdevil. Religion reporter Dallas Houston has the story.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE FENCE - NIGHT (ON TV, CONT'D)

DALLAS HOUSTON stands before the camera.

DALLAS HOUSTON

Thanks, Duke. Well, let me try to give you a clear picture of what we're dealing with here. (HOLDS UP PHOTO) Here's a photo of the devil. (HOLDS UP ANOTHER PHOTO) And here's the Superdevil. Now, as you can see, there are some significant differences. The Superdevil is at least six inches taller, has a flying motorcycle, and has a jar of marmalade that we believe forces you to commit adultery.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS DESK - NIGHT (ON TV, CONT'D)

DUKE DILLON

Thanks a lot, Dallas. Looks like
we've all got something new to be
afraid of.

INT. TEXAS KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois turns off the TV, picks up the cake and begins heading
back to the dining room.

LOIS

Everyone! It's over! We can go back
to Quaho--

She stops, noticing something on the wall. **ANGLE ON** a
calendar, with a picture that reads "Everything's Bigger and
More Ethical in Texas." It shows a happy Texas family
sitting around a dinner table. Lois looks into the dining
room and sees her own family in the same tableau.

PETER

Hey Lois, did you say something?

Lois pauses, then happily walks over to the dinner table and
puts the cake down.

LOIS

Oh, just that I think you're gonna
love this cake.

STEWIE

None for me, thanks. It's gonna go
straight to my vagina! (OFF BRIAN'S
LOOK) That's what girls worry about,
right? Having big vaginas?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. GRIFFINS' TEXAS FRONT YARD - DAY**

Peter climbs onto a horse as Chris watches.

CHRIS

Dad, why aren't you taking the car?

PETER

Chris, we're in Texas now. If I'm not riding a horse, I'm gonna stick out even more than a straight guy at a figure skating competition.

INT. ICE RINK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A STRAIGHT MALE ICE SKATER skates around a rink. He does a triple salchow and lands it perfectly.

STRAIGHT ICE SKATER

Boo-ya! Triple salchow in your face!

(SKATES OVER TO JUDGES) You want this?

You want some?

He does some beautiful, intricate footwork with accompanying graceful arm movements.

STRAIGHT ICE SKATER (CONT'D)

(TO FEMALE JUDGE) You love it, don't you. It gets you so hot, those twizzle turns I just did. Oh, man, look at your rack. I'd motorboat that. I'd motorboat the hell out of it. Right after this layback spin.

He does a very pretty layback spin.

EXT./ESTAB. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**INT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME**

Brian is at the counter talking to the SALES CLERK.

BRIAN

Bottle of Jack Daniels, please.

The sales clerk puts a bottle of Jack on the counter along with a handgun.

SALES CLERK

Here you go.

BRIAN

Thanks. (RE: GUN) What's this?

SALES CLERK

That's your gun. Buy some liquor, get a free gun.

BRIAN

Is that like a special you have on now or something?

SALES CLERK

Nope, Texas state law. You have a nice day now.

BRIAN

State law? God, this place officially sucks worse than the WNBA.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A SPORTS ANNOUNCER sits behind a desk, watching the game.

ANNOUNCER

And at the top of the second half, it's sixteen to nine. Easton leads the scoring with four.

ANNOUNCER #2

But that's why she commands seven thousand dollars a year. These gals sure do make it look difficult.

ANNOUNCER

But is having this minor skill worth
being so unattractive? That's for the
fan to decide.

ANGLE ON the stands, where we see one fan.

FAN

Yay!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian starts to toss the gun in a garbage can and it
accidentally **goes off**. Brian jumps.

BRIAN

Aaaah! (THEN, INTRIGUED) Huh.

Brian looks the gun over, then steels himself and tentatively
fires it into the air.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That was kinda cool.

He smiles excitedly as he **fires** the gun several more times
into the air. The Superdevil, on his flying motorcycle,
crashes to the ground, dead.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' TEXAS HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. TEXAS HALLWAY - SAME

Lois walks down the hallway.

PETER (O.S.)

Lois! Lois, can you come in to the
bathroom?

Lois crosses to the bathroom door and opens it, revealing
Peter sitting on the HORSE, who sits on the toilet.

LOIS

Peter, what the hell?!

PETER

Hey, um, I don't want to rock the boat or anything since it took me all day to get him on here, but... I kinda dropped my People Magazine.

LOIS

Peter, this is ridiculous.

PETER

Hey, c'mon, if this works, we can take him to the movies with us. (PETTING HORSE'S NOSE) You wanna go see "Phar Lap?" Huh? You wanna see "Phar Lap?"

EXT./ESTAB. LONGHORN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME

Meg and Chris sit in a circle of chairs with a bunch of TEXAN KIDS. Hanging on the chalkboard is a banner that reads "TEXAS YOUTH CLUB."

TEXAN BOY #1

I hereby call this meeting to order. First, we will hear the minutes from last week's meeting.

TEXAN GIRL #1

(READING) The meeting was called to order and we praised God and Texas. We congratulated Doreen on making the cheerleading squad, then we said a prayer for Christine, who was shot and killed by Doreen so that Doreen could make the cheerleading squad. Then we praised God and Texas.

TEXAN BOY #1

Thank you. Don't mess with Texas.
And now I'd like to welcome our two
newcomers, Meg and Chris Griffin.

CHRIS

Wow, what's that thing over there?

PAN TO an ARMADILLO in the corner.

TEXAN BOY #1

That's Jefferson, he's the club
armadillo.

TEXAN BOY #3

He personifies the greatness of Texas
'cause he's real tough. Go ahead, hit
him with this baseball bat.

He hands Chris a baseball bat. Chris takes a whack at the
armadillo. It doesn't move.

ARMADILLO

Yeah, see, I can't feel that. I see
it happening, but I can't feel it.

Chris hits him again.

ARMADILLO (CONT'D)

You can keep doing that as much as you
want, it's just not going to do any
good. I can't feel a thing.

MEG

Wow, this is the coolest club I've
ever been in.

TEXAN BOY #2

Well, you're not quite in the club
yet. You gotta pass the initiation.

CHRIS

What do we have to do?

TEXAN BOY #2

You gotta sneak onto the Crawford ranch and steal a pair of George Bush's underwear.

TEXAN BOY #1

Then bring it back here so we can bask in its Bushie goodness.

CHRIS

Boy, that's even kinkier than that porn they make for senior citizens.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A 90 YEAR OLD WOMAN answers the front door. A 90 YEAR OLD GUY stands there.

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Can I help you, Edward?

90 YEAR OLD GUY

Yeah, I'm here for the early bird special.

He enters. **Porn music** begins and plays over the following.

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Are those new slacks?

90 YEAR OLD GUY

What's that now?

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Are those new slacks?!

90 YEAR OLD GUY

I got these on special at Caldors.

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Who drove you there?

90 YEAR OLD GUY

My nephew.

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

Oh, that was nice of him.

90 YEAR OLD GUY

I forgot why I came over.

90 YEAR OLD WOMAN

(LONG BEAT) Are those new slacks?

EXT./ESTAB. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A sign outside reads "Little Miss Texas - Pageant Registration".

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME

Lois and Stewie (still dressed as a girl) enter. Various TODDLER GIRLS and their MOTHERS primp and prepare for the competition.

STEWIE

What is this? What the hell are we doing here?

LOIS

Welcome to your first toddler pageant, Stewie. It's what you do when you're in Texas.

STEWIE

Oh, lovely. A first class ticket to a semen-covered death in the basement.

They approach a registration table where a WOMAN sits.

LOIS

Hello, we'd like to register for the pageant.

STEWIE

No, we wouldn't.

REGISTRATION WOMAN

I'm sorry, we don't take children with facial deformities.

STEWIE

Facial deformities? Oh, that's it.

Lois, get me a makeup kit and some duct tape for my balls. We're doing this!

EXT./ESTAB. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - SAME

Brian, wearing headphones, **shoots** at targets with other GUN ENTHUSIASTS.

BRIAN

(YELLING) This is so great! I had absolutely no idea that shooting a gun could give you such a thrill!

GUN ENTHUSIAST

(YELLING) I know!

Brian **hits** a man-shaped paper target in the heart.

GUN ENTHUSIAST (CONT'D)

Congrats, your first kill shot!

Brian **hits** one of those targets that moves along a wire.

GUN ENTHUSIAST (CONT'D)

Congrats, your first moving target!

Brian twirls the gun on his finger like a cowboy and expertly slips it into his holster. The gun **goes off**, shooting Brian in the foot.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(IN AGONY) Aaaaaaaaggghhhh!

GUN ENTHUSIAST

Congrats! Your first accidental self-inflicted gunshot wound!

All the gun enthusiasts **cheer** as Brian **screams in pain**.

GUN ENTHUSIAST #2

(WISTFUL) I wish I could shoot myself again for the very first time.

EXT. PRESIDENT BUSH'S CRAWFORD RANCH - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Chris and Meg who lie in the brush, surveying the Crawford Ranch through binoculars.

CHRIS

There it is. The Crawford Ranch.

MEG

I can't believe we're actually doing this. What a bonding adventure for the two of us.

CHRIS

(LOOKING THROUGH BINOCS) Settle down, Meg. Okay, I see Old Man Cheney guarding the place.

ANGLE ON DICK CHENEY, who is asleep in a rocking chair on the porch, holding a twelve gauge shotgun in his hands. He has a large ring of keys hanging from his belt. Chris creeps up on all fours and attempts to remove the key ring.

DICK CHENEY

(TALKING IN HIS SLEEP) Condi won a seed spittin' contest. (SNORES) First place.

As Cheney mumbles, Chris hesitates. When Cheney falls back asleep, Chris takes the keys and crawls O.S.

INT. CRAWFORD RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meg and Chris tip-toe through the ranch house. In the background we see framed pictures of Bush with various world leaders, including one of him with his arm around the Superdevil.

CHRIS

Wow, look how organized he is. He's
already got his sugar cut up into neat
little lines for his breakfast
tomorrow. And a razor blade to shave.

ANGLE ON a coffee table with four lines of white powder next to a razor blade. We see Meg sorting through a stack of papers.

MEG

Wow, look at this. I can't believe
Mrs. Bush kept all these Planned
Parenthood receipts.

CHRIS

(LOOKING OVER MEG'S SHOULDER) Holy
cow! She's been scraped more times
than a fisherman's knuckle.

Suddenly, the light turns on and we see GEORGE W. BUSH standing in his pajamas.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Hey! What are you kids doing here?
You tell Javier to back off. I'll
have his money by next week.

CHRIS

What?

GEORGE W. BUSH

Nevermind. Hey, you guys look like
smart kids.

(MORE)

GEORGE W. BUSH (CONT'D)

I'm thinkin' about invading Belgium.

I bet we could win that one. What do you think?

MEG

Um... yes?

GEORGE W. BUSH

(LAUGHS) I knew it! Grab a beer and follow me.

Chris and Meg grab a beer off the counter and follow George out.

INT. CRAWFORD RANCH GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

George, Chris and Meg enter the garage and stand next to a vintage car.

GEORGE W. BUSH

See this car? I restored it myself this summer. I was here for twelve weeks, I had to do something. But along the way I learned about honesty, integrity and cold filtered Miller Genuine Draft.

George takes a big swig of beer and **burps** loudly.

GEORGE W. BUSH (CONT'D)

That's an adult beverage right there.

(THEN) You understand what I'm trying to say to you?

CHRIS

Yes, but I have just one question: can I borrow your underpants for ten minutes?

INT. LONGHORN HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - LATER

The crowd of kids from the Texas Youth Club stand in the bathroom, waiting for Chris.

After a beat, Chris emerges from a stall. He stands in front of them and raises a pair of tighty whities over his head.

KIDS

Awww!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' TEXAS HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' TEXAS HOUSE - SAME

Brian watches TV. One of his legs is in a cast. His cell phone **rings** and he picks it up.

BRIAN

Hello? (BEAT) Oh, hi, Jillian.

SPLIT SCREEN with JILLIAN in her apartment.

JILLIAN

Brian, I'm reading TV Guide. Can you explain how these "cheers" and "jeers" work again?

BRIAN

Uh, well, the "cheers" is when they generally approve of something on television, and "jeers" is when they find some sort of fault with it--

JILLIAN

See, I'm not-- I can't quite-- We can't do this over the phone. You're gonna have to come over.

BRIAN

I can't come over. We're still on the run because the town thinks Stewie's possessed.

JILLIAN

No, they don't. Didn't you hear? They stopped chasing you weeks ago.

BRIAN

What? (THEN) I have to go.

JILLIAN

(QUICKLY) Just tell me should I watch

"How I Met Your--

Brian hangs up. A beat, then he calls back.

BRIAN

(INTO PHONE) No.

Brian exits.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Peter and some other TEXAN GUYS, including Randall, are riding horses.

PETER

Hey, guys, thanks so much for inviting me out today. I'm psyched to brand my first cow.

RANDALL

Here you are, Peter. All fired up and ready to go.

Randall hands Peter a red-hot branding iron. Peter points the brand towards a COW (the orgasmic one from 4ACX16) and starts branding her.

COW

Ahhh! Ahhh! Yes! YES! Wait, hang on a second.

The cow gets out a ball gag and puts it in her own mouth, then gestures for Peter to keep branding.

COW (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED MOANS OF PLEASURE) Mmmphh!

Mppph!

The cow passes out from sheer joy.

PETER

Man, Texas is great. Back where I'm
from, a retarded guy could never have
this much fun.

The other guys exchange glances.

TEXAN GUY #1

What'd you just say?

PETER

What? Technically, I'm retarded.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

Peter's tied up in an electric chair as Randall and the other
guys lower the helmet part onto his head.

PETER

Fellas, fellas, can't we talk this
over?!

RANDALL

Talkin's what they do in Taxachusetts
and Jew York. In Texas, we execute
retards!

He finishes buckling Peter in.

PETER

Oh, my god. So this is how it ends?
I always thought I'd die having to sit
through the Canadian Film Festival.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

AN AUDIENCE watches the screen, on which a CANADIAN MAN
stands.

CANADIAN MAN

I don't wish to cause you any harm.
And I won't. The End.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

ANGLE ON the door, where Peter's horse bursts through and makes **quick work** of Randall and his friends. He starts gnawing through Peter's ropes. Peter gazes at him gratefully.

PETER

(ADORING) Horsey, you saved my life.

And yet I've never given you a name.

I shall call you "Puckerbum," after

what you're doing right now. Oh,

wait, now I gotta change it. I shall

call you "Brown Marshmallows With Hay

In 'Em."

EXT./ESTAB. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A sign reads "Little Miss Texas - Pageant Tonight!"

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME

Stewie is standing on stage with the other PAGEANT CONTESTANTS and the PAGEANT HOST. **ANGLE ON** the AUDIENCE, where Lois sits with Meg and Chris. Brian elbows his way past a row of other audience members to get to them.

BRIAN

(WHISPERING) Lois, good news! We can go back to Quahog!

LOIS

I know, Brian. Shhh, we're about to see if Stewie won!

BRIAN

Wait a minute, you know? How long have you known?

LOIS

Oh, a few weeks, who cares?

BRIAN

You've known for weeks and you've been lying about having to stay here?

LOIS

Brian, don't you see, this is a wholesome community with real values. And besides, we're all doing so much better here than we were in Quahog, why not stay?

BRIAN

Better?! I got shot, Meg and Chris tried to rob the President, and who knows where the hell Peter is.

LOIS

Shhh!

ANGLE ON the stage.

PAGEANT HOST

And the first runner-up is...

Stewie and the Pageant Girl hold hands.

PAGEANT HOST (CONT'D)

...Miss Dixie-Ann Thomas, which means that Miss Stephanie Lovey Howell Griffin is our new Little Miss Texas!

The crowd erupts in **cheers and applause** as a tiara is placed on Stewie's head. He **cries**, tears and mascara running down his face.

STEWIE

Oh, my god! Oh, my god, I never expected this! I'm so, so honored!

He takes a deep bow and his tiara and wig fall off.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

Hey! That's not a girl!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

It's Enrico Palazzo!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3

No, it's not! It's one of them fag
queers!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

Get him!

The audience forms an angry mob and **rushes** the stage.

BRIAN

(TO LOIS) Now will you admit this
wasn't the right place for us?

LOIS

Shut up and help me!

Lois, Brian, Chris, and Meg try to protect Stewie as they are
backed into a corner by the mob. Just then, Peter **rides in**
on his horse.

PETER

Quick, get on!

The family gets on and the horse **gallops** off.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now, ride, Brown Marshmallows With Hay

In 'Em! Ride!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

The Griffins all sit at the table. Stewie's back in his
normal clothes.

LOIS

Ah, it's so good to be home. You know, I wanted us to live in a place with real family values. But values don't come from where you live or who your friends are. They come from inside, from your own beliefs.

PETER

I agree, Lois. Like for instance, if you're watching a TV show and you decide to take your values from that, what kind of idiot are you? Maybe you should take responsibility for what values your kids are getting. Maybe you shouldn't be letting your kids watch certain shows in the first place if you have such a big problem with them, instead of blaming the shows themselves.

He turns to the camera and stares into it for a long, long beat.

PETER (CONT'D)

And you know what else is great?
Stewie can dress like a boy again.

STEWIE

Oh, I know! Finally.

There's a lacy pink bra strap peeking out from under his shirt. Stewie quickly adjusts his collar to hide it.

END OF SHOW